

## So Weird by randomfandomimagine

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**Summary:**

After her brother Will disappears, Y/N finds herself dating Steve Harrington and trying to keep it a secret from her older brother Jonathan. But the supernatural gets in the way to further complicate things.

## 1. Chapter 1

Someone came in through the main door, and I could tell by the sound of his footsteps that it was Jonathan. But he didn't seem too happy.

I sat up in the bed and showed him a weak smile when he came into his room. I hoped he didn't mind me staying in there.

"Sorry, I just wanted to listen to your music" I said, taking the headphones off and giving them to him.

"It's okay" He put them back on their place and carelessly dropped his bag on the ground.

"What's wrong?" With that happened to Will we were all pretty sad, but he looked almost angry as well.

Before replying, my older brother heaved a sigh.

"Steve Harrington broke my camera" His words caused my heart to skip a beat. Not only because of the mention of his name, but the actions attributed to him as well.

Steve and I had started dating not too long ago. Not too many knew, and Jonathan definitely didn't. He got a bit overprotective at times, and I knew he didn't like Steve too much.

"He did what?"

"You heard me... And he tore my photos too"

"I don't believe it..."

"Why are you so surprised?"

"He seems nice..."

"Nice? Y/N, he's a popular kid, they're never nice"

Lately I was seeing a side to Jonathan that I never saw, and that I

didn't really like. I was used to seeing him as the protective older brother –even though he was just a few years older –that is also really nice and sweet. He always looked after Will and I and thought about us before he thought about himself.

I guessed that, again, we were all pretty on edge after Will disappeared. We just wanted him back. Maybe that was exactly why I started dating Steve as well. As a way to distract myself from the current events, to have a new perspective and try to pretend like nothing bad had happened.

“But he looks... different” I said, honestly thinking that Steve wasn't as superficial and mean as other popular or ‘cool’ kids were.

“Are you defending him?” Jonathan was definitely not behaving like himself.

“No! I didn't say that, it-it was awful that he broke your camera and photos, he shouldn't have done that, I...” I hated to fight with people, especially with my family. And especially with Jonathan, since we always got along so well.

It just reminded me of how bad everything was, and I could tell by the drastic change in his expression that he noticed my eyes started getting watery.

“I'm sorry, Y/N” Very quickly, Jonathan wrapped his arms around me and hugged me tight against his chest. “I didn't mean to upset you, I just... Lately I'm so...”

“I know” I nodded, shielding in his familiar and fraternal embrace. “Me too”

We were so sensitive and honestly, slightly broken. Everything seemed overwhelming ever since Will disappeared.

When we broke the hug, we looked at each other and smiled in some sort of silent promise to never fight like that again.

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There were so many thoughts in my mind that it was hard to focus.

Will was always on my mind, even if he sometimes occupied that small portion at the back of my head while other things slightly overpowered the thought. Like the fact that I still hadn't told Jonathan that I was dating Steve. Or that Steve still didn't know Jonathan was my brother.

They were two very important people for me and I wanted to be honest with them both but... it was complicated. Besides, lately I was constantly overcome with so many emotions that the complexity of facing that situation seemed too much.

I still wondered how Steve didn't know I was Jonathan and Will's sister, though. I was very shy, reserved and sometimes secretive about myself –which explained why almost no one knew about Steve being my boyfriend –but many people did know I was the middle sibling of the Byers family.

“Are you okay?” Steve's arms over my shoulders shoved me closer against his side, reminding me of where I was sitting and who I was with. “You look thoughtful and worried”

I forced myself to look at him and show him a comforting smile.

“I'm fine, Steve” I focused on the moment instead of keeping drifting off to other matters and thoughts.

One of them being why Steve and I were dating. We were so different, but somehow we clicked so well together. And we liked each other, which seemed to be enough for the moment, although we didn't know too much about one another anyway.

“No, you're not” His thumb kindly rubbed my upper arm in an affectionate gesture. “Something's worrying you, I know it”

“You don't know me” There were so many things about me he was unaware of. Still, I said it with a soft smile even if I averted my gaze timidly.

“That's because you're so reserved” Steve mumbled, staring at me although I refused to reciprocate out of shyness.

I frowned at his comment, though, slightly hurt by that statement. I

bit my lip, hoping he didn't think I was weird like many people did. Like they thought my brothers, especially Jonathan, were.

I knew that was also one of the reasons why Steve didn't want people to know about us either. He always hung out with those friends of his, and they would definitely judge him if they found out he was dating me. Someone so shy, strange and different.

"I didn't mean it in a bad way" Steve stirred in the seat, facing me more, and held one finger under my chin so I would look at him. "I understand, you just don't like exposing yourself like that, it's okay"

I smiled as we locked eyes, endeared by the fact that he was always so sweet with me. It was moments like those that made me wonder why people thought that he was a jerk, he could be such a sweetheart.

"I'm not an open book like you are, Steve Harrington" I knew that statement wasn't completely true, but I was teasing him. And he realized.

He just smirked in response, planting a kiss in my cheek to reciprocate the gesture.

"Wanna tell me why you're upset then?" He offered tenderly, although somewhat playfully to cheer me up.

"Well..." I shrugged a little, considering whether to tell him or not.

"Only if you want to" Steve told me patiently, not really wanting to force me.

Hesitant, I stared at him almost seizing him up, trying to foresee his reaction. In the end, I sighed and piped up.

"I just... heard that you broke Jonathan's camera..."

"Jonathan Byers?" His friendly expression drastically changed into a serious one.

"Yeah, and... I just can't believe that you would do something like that. Is it... Is it true?"

For several seconds, he looked away and remained quiet, until he looked back at me and nodded.

“It’s true”

“Steve!”

“But! But I had my reasons to!”

“Like what?” Wary of him, I pushed him away so his arm wasn’t on my shoulders anymore and observed him in expectation.

“Like those photos he took! He’s such a weirdo!” Steve was anxiously passing a hand through his hair as he spoke. “He took photos of us, the creep!”

Those words hurt me even more, since it was my brother he was talking about, whether he knew it or not. And Jonathan might be weird, but he didn’t deserve to be called a weirdo in that offensive manner. And he definitely wasn’t a creep.

“What kind of photos?” For the time being, I remained quiet about the hurtful things he said about Jonathan, but I would not forget them.

“Well, he took photos of Nancy while she was getting changed and-“

“Nancy?” I knew there must have been an explanation for it all, for his behavior.

Obviously, I needed to talk to Jonathan about those damn photos, but I needed to worry about Steve and Nancy first. I had seen the way Steve looked at her, and I knew him just well enough to realize he liked her. They had hooked up before I started dating Steve, after all. He probably still had feelings for her.

“Yeah, Nancy... We were hanging out the other day, with Tommy and Carol and-“

“So is that why you broke Jonathan’s camera? Because you were jealous and got mad at him? Maybe you were right to destroy the photos, but not the camera!”

Steve was speechless for a moment, gaping at the air until he recovered and found the right words to express his astonishment and hurt.

“This is not about Nancy, Y/N, it’s about that weirdo!”

“Stop calling him that!”

“Why? He deserved that, he’s a weirdo and-“

“Because Jonathan is my brother!” I hadn’t realized I had stood up in anger until I found myself standing over him and shouting at his face as the silence settled.

The quietness only made me aware of the thumping in my chest and the heat in my cheeks. Steve was just baffled, staring at me with his mouth agape.

“Guess I’m a weirdo too, huh?” I scoffed, so terribly mad at him. And at myself, for believing that he was different, that Jonathan was wrong about him because he hadn’t seen that sweet side of him I had.

I felt cheated when I realized Steve wasn’t who I thought he was.

“Y/N...” He tried, clicking his tongue.

“No, just stay with those jerk friends of yours who think we’re weirdos too, you deserve each other” I wasn’t usually this malicious, but he really made me angry.

“Y/N, wait” Steve stood up and tried to hold me back, but when he held me by the arm I angrily pulled away. “Please!”

“Goodbye, Steve” I coldly told him, looking him dead in the eye.

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I was done sitting still.

I was done putting up with the way Steve and I hid from everyone. And I was definitely done with hoping Will would magically appear, hoping everyone else found him. I was fed up.

So when I saw Jonathan sneaking out of the house and going to his car, I knew it had something to do with Will. Like the time he went off to meet with Lonnie for the very same reason. And this time I wasn't going to sit it out too.

"Where are you going?" I surprised him as he arrived to his car, startling him as he hadn't heard me arrive.

"N-Nowhere" My brother appeared to be nonchalant, but he was a bad liar.

"Jonathan, I know you just want to protect me but..." I tilted my head, frustrated with the fact that he kept things from me, even if he meant well.

"Then you understand why I don't want you to come" He looked at me gravely.

"You're going to look for Will, aren't you?"

"Yes" He replied after a short pause.

"Then I'm going with you" Determined, I went over to the side of the car and was about to sit in the copilot seat when he slammed the door before I could.

"You're not coming, Y/N" There was his overprotective side that I hardly ever saw. That stern and severe glance that I only got to see in serious situations.

"Will is my brother too! Stop trying to do everything alone!"

"I won't be alone! I'm going with Nancy, she's looking for her friend too!"

Nancy again. I wondered if Jonathan liked her, if that was triggered Steve's jealousy and hence that reaction that I thought was so unlike my boyfriend. Ex... ex-boyfriend.

Jonathan stared at me, almost scared that he had given too much away. So maybe he did feel something for her. For the moment, I preferred to believe they were just going to help each other find their



beloved ones. At least until I felt like I could occupy myself with those complicated thoughts of that strange love triangle.

“Well, three pair of eyes see better than two” I forced myself to seem determined and adamant, which seemed to do the trick.

My brother gulped for a moment, grave and serious, but then nodded in the end.

“Just... stay close, okay?”

“Okay”

Jonathan nodded again, about to walk over to his side of the car, but I held him by the arm when I felt the anxiety stirring within me. The matter concerning Steve wouldn't leave my mind no matter how hard I tried, and I wanted to confront my brother about it.

Besides, it wasn't smart to face that dangerous situation being so distracted and absent. I needed to clear my mind to be able to look for Will and focus on that.

“Actually, I... need to talk to you first” Worriedly, I stared into his eyes.

He knew me so well that immediately realized how vulnerable I felt.

“Sure, you know you can tell me anything” His soft voice was definitely comforting.

“I asked Steve about the camera” Upon hearing my words, his eyes widened, but I kept talking. “Is it true about the photos?”

He was not expecting that I confronted Steve about it, because he had no idea we had any contact at all. Even though his warm eyes had been reciprocating my glance, he averted them in shame. That was confirmation enough without needing words.

I sighed sadly, being disappointed in my brother. I had always seen him as my role model, and realizing he wasn't as perfect as I thought was disheartening.

"I shouldn't have taken them, it was wrong" He whispered, closing his hands into fists.

"It was..." I admitted, although resigning myself to forgiving him knowing that his feelings for Nancy were involved. "But... everyone makes mistakes, I guess"

"So... you're not mad?" Jonathan also knew how much I admired him, because he sounded surprised and hopeful.

"I'm not. At least, not at you"

"What does that mean?"

"Remember how I defended Steve Harrington before?"

"Yeah..."

"Well... We were dating"

It was I who looked away this time, too nervous to hold his glance. But seeing as he didn't say anything, I looked back at him again. Jonathan was just dumbfounded, gawking at me, utterly speechless.

I made a face, anxious about what his reaction would be. What the first emotion he would display would be.

"Wait" He said after a few more seconds of silence. "Were?"

"Yeah, you were right... He's a jerk" I smiled sadly, trying to hide how upset I was about the whole thing.

No matter how different we were, or how mad I was at Steve. I liked him, and I really enjoyed going out with him and feeling so loved by him. So I was sad that we broke up after all.

"I'm... sorry, Y/N" His hand gently fell over my shoulder, but I warmly smiled at him.

"It's alright, I just... I just wanted to get it off my chest before we left" Pretending like I was perfectly okay with it all, I kept that smile on my face as I finally got in the car.

Thankfully letting it go for now, Jonathan got in too and started the engine.

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Nancy, Jonathan and I had spent most of the day around the forest, looking for any clues that would lead us to Will or her friend Barbara. But we found none.

At least I got to observe those two interact, and there was definitely something there. Maybe chemistry and nothing more, maybe a bit of flirting, but... something.

I liked the idea of Nancy and Jonathan together, they complimented the other. And that would also mean that Steve could get his mind off her if she was taken.

It got dark as we still trudged through the forest, frustrated and tired that we found nothing at all. And overall disappointed that we weren't closer to finding them.

Still feeling a little uneasy about everything and also deliberately backing away to give them some privacy seeing as nothing appeared to be dangerous around there, I was exploring on my own. A few meters behind.

I should have known it wasn't a good idea, and I should have listened to my brother when he told me to stay close to him. They were carrying weapons and I wasn't, even if I had brought my own flashlight.

I didn't know what happened, or where Jonathan and Nancy had gone to. Or why the forest seemed different all of a sudden as small particles floated in the air. I had just crawled through an opening at the base of a tree, yet it felt like I was in a different place.

All I knew was that I was scared out of my mind and my heart was pounding in my chest, resonating in my ears, even more so when I saw a horrifying creature that growled at the sight of me. I didn't have to think much to realize it would attack me.

"Jonathan!" I called out loud, completely terrified, as I blindly ran to

get away from the monster. “Jonathan!!!!!!”

I didn’t hear him respond, just the sound of me running and the distant growling of the monster as I tried to get away from it. I didn’t look back to keep track of it, but I was getting paranoid thinking that it was right behind me all the time even if the noise stopped.

To catch my breath, I hid behind a tree. The sound of the creature grew louder, a growl mixed with a strange and terrifying sound that I couldn’t describe any other way. Just terrifying.

I tried to hold my breath as I prayed that it went away. That it didn’t detect me, or else it would probably kill me.

“Y/N!” Jonathan’s voice finally replied, sounding far away. “Y/N!!!!!!”

By the sound of his strangled and hoarse voice, he had been calling me for a while. Nancy also called me worriedly, even though not as loudly as him.

I still waited, shaking as the creature slowly walked away from where I was standing. I could only think about how stupid I had been, first to come at all and second to walk away from the group.

“Y/N! I’m here, where are you?!” Jonathan sounded as frantic as I felt. “Follow my voice, I’m right here!!”

I turned my head in the direction where his voice came from. I could see a dim halo of light that had to come through his flashlight. It was then when I realized I had dropped mine and I didn’t even know where.

The entrance. The hollow tree I had crawled under, that was when everything began. The monster lived there, and I had walked right into its territory.

I needed to get back to them, to safety. Even if it meant leaving my safe hiding spot and exposing myself to the creature again. But I needed to give it a try, it was my only chance.

“Y/N!!” My brother shouted at the top of his lungs, desperate.

We had lost Will already. I wasn't going to let that happen to me too. I would get out of there, and I would find Will.

"Jonathan!" I shouted back as I ran at full speed at the entrance, there where his voice came from as well as the light.

"Y/N?"

I tried to pass through the entrance, but it was somehow closing. I was about to get trapped inside there with that hideous creature, unless I did something about it.

With all the strength I could manage, I stick my hand out through that strange membrane that covered the entrance and yelled as I struggled to pierce through it. The entrance was getting smaller.

"Jonathan!" I begged for him to help me.

"Y/N!" My brother yelped in surprise and terror, immediately wrapping his hands around mine.

I whimpered as he pulled at me, trying to get me away from there. Soon I felt Nancy's hands wrap around my wrists as well, helping him save me.

I slowly felt myself being dragged out with them, until the three of us were lying in the ground, panting out of pure anxiety and trembling in sheer fear.

"Y/N" Jonathan called my name yet again, hurriedly holding me up and desperately cradling me against him. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

I sobbed, trying to reply to him. To say that, although I wasn't hurt I was not okay. But I didn't manage any words, almost as though I had lost my voice.

Not getting an answer, he gingerly held his hands against my face, examining me looking for any signs that I was hurt. As he did, tears began streaming down my face without a remedy.

"J-J-Jon..." I uttered, knowing I hadn't called him like that since I

was five years old. But at that moment I felt as vulnerable as a child, I needed Jon more than ever.

Understanding how much I needed him to hold me, his arms brought me closer to him until my face rested on his shoulder. I just kept on crying in there as he held me tight, putting his hand in the back of my head.

“It’s okay now, princess” He whispered soothingly, using a nickname he hadn’t called me in years either. “I got you, you’re safe now, I’m here with you, I’m here”

I held him tight, as tight as I could, clinging onto his clothes. Craving his comforting embrace, his protective presence next to me. I sobbed on his shoulder as I tried to get over the weight in my chest that reminded me that I could have died. That the monster could have killed me. That I could have been trapped in there.

“It’s okay, I got you... I got you... You’re safe” Jonathan kept repeating, like a mantra that he hoped would comfort me.

Even though at that moment I felt like not even my older brother, who never failed to make me feel safe, could comfort me from the frightening reality I had just faced.

## 2. Chapter 2

The ride home happened in a blur as well as everything else. I hardly remember anything of the days after what happened at the forest, just that I was scared out of my mind still and I needed Jonathan by my side every second of the day to feel safe enough to stop crying. It felt like I still wasn't safe from the monster, and only his presence calmed me down, knowing he would protect me from it.

He refused to tell mom anything, she was distraught enough as it was. Apparently, she believed Will was communicating with her through the lights for some reason. She wasn't at her best moment either, none of us were.

Steve had passed by many times. The first time he nearly gave me a heart attack, because he snuck in through my window and I screamed so loud that Jonathan ran to my room at full speed thinking that the monster I was so afraid of somehow found me. I hadn't seen my brother that angry and agitated before, but I knew he was really worried about me and Steve only worsened my nervous state.

The next few times he was smart enough to use the front door, but Jonathan kept asking him to go. I appreciated it, because the last thing I needed was to face my persistent ex-boyfriend.

Everything was hazy and confusing for a few days until I recovered from the initial trauma. It also took me a while to tell Jonathan what had happened, about the monster and that eerie and scary place. But I did once I realized it could maybe help understand what happened to Will. At least, my brother and Nancy were looking into it, relating it to the dying deer we saw that day.

One day I left the bunker that had become my room when I heard a familiar voice, shouting from the front door.

"... that you don't wanna talk, but at least let me see Y/N..." It was Steve, who seemed to be arguing with Jonathan.

"No, just leave" Jonathan replied sternly.

“Y/N, please!” Steve shouted at the house.

“Leave her alone, she doesn’t want to see you!” My brother was being extremely protective again, and I saw him softly pushing him when I peeked at them.

“I just want to talk to her, please let me see her! I’m sorry about everything, I just-“

“I said no, stop coming here”

“I need to see her, you can hit me again if you want, but I won’t leave until I-“

“S-Steve?” I mumbled, watching the scene before me.

Jonathan was trying to shut the door right on his nose, but Steve refused. What was more shocking was the fact that his face was swollen and filled with wounds and dry blood.

I had heard about them fighting, but I never thought it had come to physical terms, and certainly not to that extent.

“Y/N!” Getting even more nervous than before, Steve tried to get past my brother. “Sorry for scaring you the other day, can I talk to you?”

Even if he was watching him with the corner of his eye still, Jonathan turned to me. I sighed and shrugged a little to him, then looking over to Steve again.

“Okay” I gave in, feeling a bit sorry for Steve. And honestly, I had missed him too.

“You sure?” Jonathan gently asked me.

“Yeah, it’s alright” I motioned over to Steve to follow me as I went back to my room.

“Actually, could we take a walk, Y/N?” When I looked over my shoulder to him, I realized he was asking both Jonathan and I, allegedly asking for permission from my brother.



He nodded, even if he looked a little sad and tired, and placed a hand in my arm.

“You should get some fresh air” He lovingly rubbed my back. “But be careful, okay?”

“Yeah” I nodded vehemently as I walked outside, figuring Steve would follow. Which he did, but it took him a bit longer, which made me think that Jonathan had told him something before we left.

As we slowly distanced ourselves from it, I looked back at the house and saw my brother through the window. I averted my gaze and focused it on Steve instead.

“What do you wanna talk about?” I piped up to break the heavy and uncomfortable silence that also caused me to be alone with my thoughts.

“I just want to know if you’re okay... When I asked him what happened to you, your brother told me you were scared” His dark eyes were locked on me, laced with concern, so much so that I got flustered and looked away.

“Yeah...”

“So you were already scared when I tried to sneak in through your window”

“Yes”

“Why are you so scared? What... What happened?”

Realizing I had been subconsciously shifting closer to him as we walked, I abruptly drifted away from him as I postponed my answer. He wasn’t going to believe me, he wasn’t there like Jonathan and Nancy were.

“I saw something...” That was all I was going to tell him, hoping he didn’t insist too much.

“Saw what?” Steve sounded so worried, so desperate to help.

"I just... We went looking for Will and..." I trailed off, not wanting to go into detail.

"It's okay, you don't have to tell me" He rushed to say, softly and cautiously putting an arm over my shoulders to comfort me. "I'm just worried about you"

I pushed him away, not wanting him to touch me. I didn't really know why.

A part of me was craving his touch, I still missed him and was still feeling a bit vulnerable after everything that happened. Yet I didn't want him to touch me at the same time.

"Why...?" I knew he found weird that I rejected him when he was trying to comfort me, but I was too tired to care.

The situation was tense between us, not to mention in general. It felt forced, awkward and uncomfortable. But my brother was right, I did need some fresh air since I had been locked at home for days.

And I would never admit it, but I also needed to see Steve to feel better.

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The feeling of impending doom somehow diminished as Steve and I wandered around the city. It reminded me of our days as a couple, in which we would chat and walk around together, feeling the good vibes and enjoying that unique connection we shared.

Except for the fact that I was even quieter than usual, and Steve eyed me strangely as he walked me back home. I feared he was thinking that I was a weirdo, no matter how many times my brother had told me that being different and weird isn't a bad thing or how I used to live by those words.

Things had changed.

Even after everything we had spoken about. After discussing his feelings for Nancy, the fact that Jonathan was my brother, how Steve was sorry about what happened with the camera and the fight and

after we were so honest and open... it wouldn't be the same. It would never be.

It had gotten dark, which was why we were hurrying back home. But we found with a surprise.

I knew something was very wrong when we saw the lights blinking from outside. A nasty feeling took over my stomach as I realized what was happening.

"The lights..." I remembered mom saying things about the lights, and that it connected to that other place where the monster came from.

And somehow I had a feeling that Will wasn't the one making them blink.

"What's happening in there?" Steve uttered in confusion.

I was scared of the monster still, but if Jonathan was home I had to warn him about it. He hadn't seen it, he had no idea what he was up against.

"Jonathan!" I ran inside, feeling my heart racing in my chest again.

"Y/N, what are you doing?!" Steve followed closely, right behind me as I barged inside.

I was received with the sight of Nancy and my brother wielding weapons, back to back as they frantically looked around as though a menace was approaching. Which it was.

It came from the ceiling, making me squeal in terror and shrink into Steve seeking comfort. He held me tight, even if I could feel him trembling as well.

"Run! Go! Go!" Someone shouted, I couldn't tell who. I was paralyzed.

I heard them running away and I wanted nothing more than to go with them, but my legs wouldn't respond. Even if I wanted to run, I froze.

“Y/N! Steve, get Y/N!” Who I thought was Jonathan yelled.

I squeaked when, after a very brief pause in which he must have hesitated, Steve scooped me into his arms and started running, still carrying me.

“Jump!” I was just noticing the bear trap they put on the ground, luckily my brother warned us about it.

I had no idea how Steve managed to jump over that with me still on his arms. Maybe he was stronger than I thought, maybe it was the adrenaline’s work.

I just knew that all of a sudden we were inside Will’s room and Steve was gingerly putting me down. He kept an arm over my shoulders, protectively, both to keep track of me and to comfort me.

“What was that?!” He shouted, startling me as well as hurting my ears.

“Nothing! Shut up!” Nancy shouted, still facing the door as though expecting the monster to arrive any moment.

“Just take care of Y/N!” Jonathan did look over his shoulder to us, but then quickly stared at the door as well.

“Y/N? Y/N” Steve shook my shoulder softly, gathering my attention as I locked eyes with him. “You okay?”

He whispered so gingerly, with such softness and kindness. As well as lots of concern as he frowned and squeezed my shoulders caringly.

I nodded, still in a daze, when I realized he was expecting some sort of answer.

The thought that the creature was outside and it could kill me like it almost had the other time inflicted such a huge amount of terror within me that I started trembling.

“What’s wrong? What’s what thing, do you know?” Steve urged me, seeing as they wouldn’t answer his questions.

“That’s... that’s the thing I saw” I whispered, stumbling over my words as I involuntarily gulped.

Steve’s brow furrowed with empathy and almost sadness, and then he urgently pulled me in for a hug. Being wrapped by his arms again was comforting, so I embraced it and rested my forehead on his shoulder, feeling safer knowing I wasn’t alone. His arms protectively squeezed me against him, and his hands comfortingly rubbed my back. For just a second, it felt like everything would be okay.

We reluctantly broke the contact after lingering on it for a while when we realized Nancy and Jonathan were exiting the room. Apparently, they had set a trap that the monster was supposed to fall on but didn’t.

We followed after them, cautiously walking outside as we made sure we weren’t in danger. I must say, I felt Steve shivering next to me as well, but his eyes constantly landed on me, which told me that he avoided freaking out himself because he was more worried about me.

“What the hell was that!” He uttered, almost out of breath.

“You need to go, Steve” Nancy sternly told him, sending him a grave and angry glance.

“And take Y/N with you, take her out of here” Jonathan stepped up, just as serious. “None of you were supposed to be here”

I wanted to say something, to help them, to stay and end that monster so I could feel at ease at last. So we could find Will and bring him back. But I couldn’t find my voice, nor an ounce of courage.

“But...” Steve tried to argue, but they were determined to do that alone.

“Go!” Nancy urged him, pushing him a little.

He mumbled to himself, still freaking out, and fidgeted around a little. Then, he resolved to holding my hand and pulling at it, taking me with him as he hurriedly left the house.

Once outside, he stopped running and allowed me to hold him back.

“Steve!” I called him, feeling guilty for leaving Jonathan and Nancy alone.

“What the hell is that thing, Y/N?” He replied instead, turning around to me but never letting go of my hand. He was clinging to it like it could solve everything. “You saw that? How...? What are they doing?!”

“That’s the monster, it... it must have taken Will... It’s from another world or something, I-I...” Again, I was rambling and stumbling over my words as I frantically tried to explain it to him. “They must have realized how it lives, how-how-how to trap it... But they didn’t tell me anything...”

I knew Jonathan was trying to protect me yet again, especially after everything that happened in the forest. After nearly losing me like he lost Will. He must have been terrified to lose me, and I was just now realizing how he must have felt. I didn’t blame him for keeping it a secret.

“We need to get out of here then!” Steve tugged at my hand, walking closer to his car and trying to get me to safety.

“No! They need help!”

“Your brother asked me to-“

“We can’t just leave them, Steve!”

Our argument was interrupted by lights flashing again. It had returned.

Our eyes had been directed to the house, but they met each other again as we exchanged preoccupied glances of hesitation.

“He’s my brother, and I know you don’t want to leave Nancy either” I dared to speak up, seeing as we were running out of time to act.

“Okay, okay!” Steve quickly replied, lovingly caressing my hair. “But you stay here, okay?”

“No, I can’t do that, they-!” Steve shook his head and kissed me in

the forehead, interrupting me.

“You have to promise me you will stay here” He took my other hand as well. “I need you to be safe, I wouldn’t be able to take it if something happened to you”

“But... But I...” I just couldn’t say no to that, even if my brother and Nancy were in danger inside the house. The genuine concern and those sad eyes of his were breaking my heart, and they convinced me. “O-Okay, I promise. But you have to help them”

“I will, but... Y/N, please stay here” He told me one last time, and with that, he sprinted to the front door. Our hands slipped away from each other in a painful way, and I missed his comforting touch.

The anxiety grew even bigger inside me as I watched him venture into the house, right into the danger as he willingly sought the encounter with the monster on his own.

I waited, I stayed there like he asked me to. Like Jonathan wanted me to as well. But I just couldn’t wait for too long. I found myself running into the house myself as well, too afraid that the three of them were in trouble.

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I still had nightmares about what happened, but the things that caused them were gone. The monster was never heard of again and Will was rescued and brought back to us.

Even if everything was still too recent and I would never forget any of it, it was so much easier to get over it with my family. All together: Will, mom, Jonathan and I. Again.

During Christmas everything felt especially cheery. Jonathan was taking pictures while mom prepared dinner and Will and I were talking about the presents and about the fact that he probably got an Atari.

We were about to gather around the table to eat when a knock came on the door. Jonathan offered to open it, and at first I didn’t mind who it was. Until I heard a very familiar voice.

“Is Y/N home?” Steve Harrington, no less.

I fondly messed up Will’s hair before I sneaked closer to the door to hear their conversation. I wondered if Jonathan would let him in or if he would pretend like he never came instead.

“What do you want?” My brother replied, somewhat tiredly.

“Just to talk, I promise, I don’t want to start anything”

“Well...”

“Actually, I wanted to talk to you too, Jonathan”

“Me?”

“Yeah, I’m really sorry about everything, I... I messed up. Seriously, I was a major jerk and I really-”

“It’s alright”

They paused, and my brother sighed. Even after that, there was silence for a few more seconds.

“It’s okay... it’s forgiven”

“Really? You mean it, for real?”

“Yeah, for real” There was an awkward pause until my brother kept talking again. “I saw how worried you were about Y/N, and how you protected her so... you’re not that bad”

“She was just scared and... I wanted to”

“I’ll let you see her”

“Thanks, man”

“Y/N?” When Jonathan called me, I cautiously peeked out of my hiding spot pretending like I hadn’t heard anything, trying not to be suspicious.

“Yeah?” My eyes were wide after hearing the whole thing, but I still



directed them from Jonathan to Steve standing at the door.

“Steve wants to talk to you” My brother dedicated me a strange glance that he accompanied with a kind smile.

I frowned at the sight, but went to reunite with Steve anyway.

“Hey” I greeted him timidly, feeling like things were still tense between us.

“Hey...” It was so rare to see him acting so shyly, but also kind of endearing.

“Want to come in?”

“No, no... I don’t think your brother likes me very much”

“In your defense, I don’t think he would like any boys that are dating his little sister” I completely said that without thinking, making everything even more awkward.

Steve looked down with a subtle frown, but quickly recovered and looked up at me again.

“That’s what I wanted to talk to you about... Can we talk outside?”

“Sure...”

As soon as I stepped outside the house and without a word, Steve took his jacket off and put it over my shoulders so I didn’t get cold. I smiled at the gesture.

“Look” He nervously began to say, gesticulating a lot. “I know I was a jerk, and I’ve already apologized to your brother too, but... I’m really sorry, and I was hoping you could forgive me as well. I’m not even friends with Tommy and Carol anymore, not after what they kept saying about you and your brother”

I looked at him blankly, still hurt about all the things he had said and done. Calling us weirdos, breaking Jonathan’s camera –even though Nancy magically gave him a new one, which I felt like Steve himself had something to do with –and being overall a very different person

from who I thought he was.

But then again he had showed me how caring he was after that. Like Jonathan said, being worried about me, protecting me and trying to see me when my brother wouldn't let him.

He was trying to make right all the things he had done wrong. Steve was genuinely sorry and just wanted to start over.

"And what about Nancy?" That was something that hurt me as well, the fact that I knew he felt something about Nancy that had triggered his jealousy.

"What about her?"

"You like her"

"But I'm here with you, aren't I?" He hadn't denied it, but he was there, trying to make everything alright with me again. "I really like you, Y/N, and I want things to get back to how they were"

"Steve..."

"I know I messed up, I messed up a lot. But I'm really sorry, you have no idea how much I regret everything! I want to make it right, if you could just give me another chance, just one! You would make me so happy, Y/N, I-"

"You promise you like me and you want to be with me, not with Nancy?"

"Yes!" He exclaimed urgently, taking my hands in his. "Yes, I promise"

"You better not be lying" I smiled in spite of myself. "Because then my brother will beat you up. Again"

Steve's jaw dropped and his eyes widened with utter shock. I giggled a little, amused by his genuine reaction.

Perhaps he didn't know I knew, or he just wasn't expecting that strange comment out of the blue. But it definitely caught him off

guard.

“Or maybe I’ll beat you up myself” I booped his nose, feeling so happy that everything was working out that I didn’t hold back even if I was usually really shy.

In the end, Steve chuckled too. Not letting go of my hands, he shook his head and lovingly stared into my eyes. A smile was plastered on his lips.

“You’re so weird” Kindly, he used our intertwined hands to get us closer to each other. “But I guess that doesn’t have to be a bad thing”

“Thank you” I knew that was his way of correcting himself, of letting me know he was wrong to believe otherwise and that he was awfully sorry to have hurt my feelings.

“So everything’s okay then?” He dedicated me a joking puppy eyed look as he also pouted his bottom lip.

“Yeah” I sighed, feeling like another weight had been lifted off my chest. “I’ve missed you, you crazy man”

Steve smirked a little, as though he was thoroughly enjoying to see that genuinely weird and slightly more extroverted side of me. Like he was proud to be able to witness it and have earned the right to do so.

Taking a step backwards and then another one until he slowly walked away from me, our hands broke the contact.

“Call you tomorrow” He told me, getting closer to his car.

“Okay”

“See ya”

“See ya, Steve”

With a stupid smile on my face, I walked back in and heaved a happy sigh. After everything we’d been through, we got to have a happy ending at last.

“So did you make up?” Jonathan was standing behind me, so I quickly turned around.

“What?” For some reason, my mind registered his words wrong, making me blush. He couldn’t have said ‘make out’, it was probably just me being embarrassed that he caught me so happy over Steve.

“Did you two fix everything?”

“Oh! Y-Yeah!”

“Is that his jacket?”

I looked down to myself, realizing we had both forgotten about it. I then hurried to the door, hoping he wasn’t too far away yet, and swung it right open.

When I did I found face to face with him, who already had his fist up to knock again. We smiled at each other and chuckled at the coincidence.

“I forgot something” He mumbled, fixing his eyes on me.

“Yeah, your jacket” I took it off and handed it to him, but he didn’t take it.

“No, this” Instead, he planted his lips on mine as his hand rested in the small of my back and passionately pushed me closer to him.

I squeaked a little, taken aback by the sudden gesture, but soon warmed to it. I closed my eyes as I embraced the soft warm touch and sighed out of pure bliss as he squeezed me against him.

The kiss was so passionate, so urgent and loving. And it sent butterflies to my stomach as I treasured every second of it.

When we broke away, we locked eyes again, flirtatiously smiling at the other.

But Steve’s smile fell when he looked behind me and he turned slightly pale.

“Sorry!” He stuttered before yanking the jacket from my hands and running away.

It took me a moment to realize why or who he was apologizing to. Then I cringed as I turned around to meet face to face with Jonathan, who had witnessed the whole thing.

“I... forgot you were there” I muttered in embarrassment, probably blushing bright red.

“I figured” Jonathan laughed a little and placed an arm over my shoulder as the both of us went to sit at the table.

Even if I couldn't help but to look through the window to take a last look at Steve.